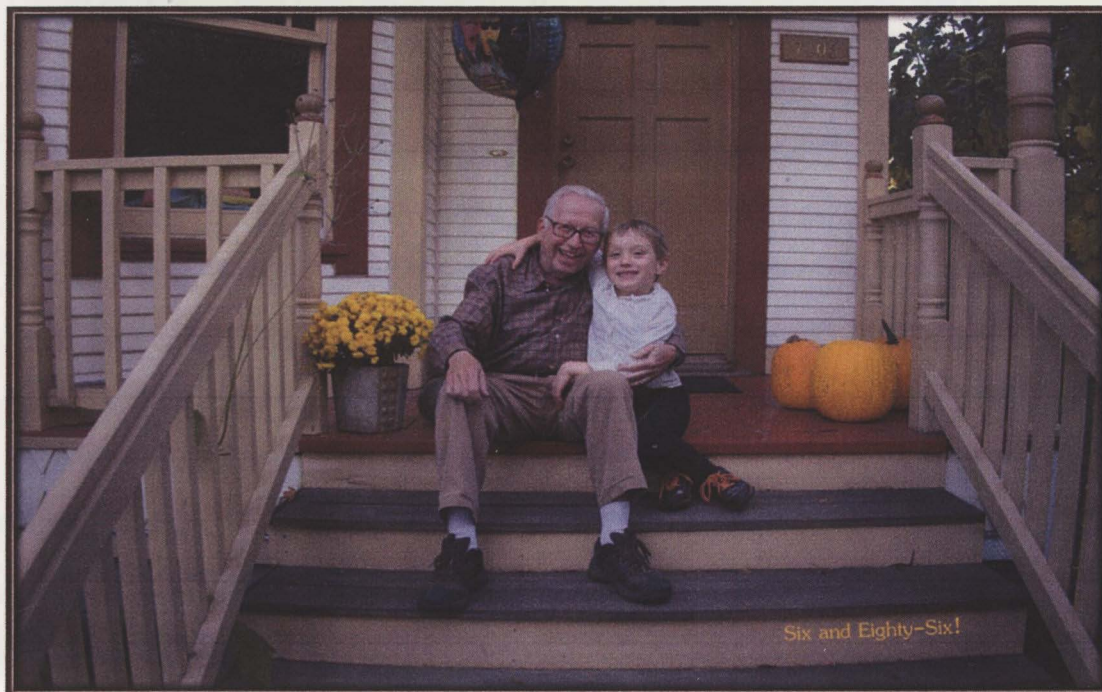


November 9, 2013

A TRUE STORY FOR SAM, FROM HIS GRANDPA KEN HARTOCH:



A long time ago, your Grandpa was born in Germany, a pretty country in Europe. When I was a young boy, Germany was ruled by a very bad man, whose name was Adolf Hitler. He hated all Jews and many other people.

Exactly 75 years ago today, on November 9, 1938, when I was 11 years old, this is what happened. We lived in the city of Cologne, and I walked to school, as usual. When I arrived there, the teachers were all excited, and told the children to go home to their parents **immediately**, because the big and beautiful Synagogue had been set on fire!

Do you think I went home? NO, I did not. Instead, I walked in a different direction -- to the Synagogue, because I wanted to see what was happening there. After a 15 minute walk, I arrived at the Synagogue, and guess what I saw:

There was a lot of black smoke coming out of the Synagogue, and 4 Fire Engines were standing across the street. But the firemen remained on their trucks, **and did nothing to put out the flames!**

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What do you think I did then? I walked up to one of the Fire Engines, and asked a fireman "Why are you standing here, and not putting out the fire?" He answered "We are here to make sure that none of the houses around here catch fire."

Later, I found out that Hitler had ordered his storm-troopers, called NAZIS, to **burn all the Synagogues in Germany**, and they did so. The Nazis also broke the windows and glassware inside the houses of many Jewish people. This day became known as **KRISTALL NACHT**, which means "The Night of the Broken Glass".

Then I walked to our apartment. My Mom was worried about where I had been. She heard that all the Jewish kids were sent home from school over an hour ago, and **where was I?** I told her what I did, but she did not scold me, because she was so happy to see me safe and sound.

My parents and I were very lucky that the storm troopers did not come to our house, as they stopped smashing the Jewish homes in the afternoon.

But my dad was worried that they might start up again during the night. So, when it was completely dark, we took some sandwiches and blankets and walked to my dad's office building, which was 5 blocks away. It was closed for the night, but dad was friendly with the Superintendent, and asked him to let us go in, and sleep there for the night. The Superintendent agreed, on the condition that we do not put on any light, so that nobody on the street would know that anybody was in the building.

All this happened exactly 75 years ago, and we remember this day as a very sad day. But the **good news** is that my Dad (your great-grandpa), decided that it was no longer safe for us to stay in Germany, and we must move to another country.

I was very happy that we sailed on a big ship, the S/S Nieuw Amsterdam, across the Atlantic Ocean to **this great country, the United States of America**. I married a wonderful wife, who is your Grandma Helen. Then we had 2 children who are your Dad, and your Auntie Janice. And then your Mom and Dad had a wonderful boy whose name is SAMUEL.

With much Love from your Grandpa and Grandma.

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